



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# Cruelty unthinkable



👁 63 ✓ 7 ★ 6

## Chapter 1 by Captain

The Nazis were coming, No they were here. They herded us tight as cells in one blood cell. They told us they were deporting us. They were killing us. I was lucky, I have not been deported yet, I am still living, Alone.

My name is Yasha Gartgo, I am 7 years old and I am the only one in my family left.

## Chapter 2 by Mady



It was morning when they came, I struggled to get out of bed. My eyes blurry with sleep, my hair matted and my mouth dry.

My stomach grumbled and I unwrapped myself from the mouldy sheet that was my blanket. Other children around me scrambled out of their beds, their eyes glazed and red. The cheekbones jutting sharply out of their skin, almost like they would pierce the skin at any moment.

I fumbled to make my bed as fast as possible.

I didn't have any clothes or belongings to gather. It was winter time and everything I owned I wore, or had been stolen. It was normal, theft here.

## Chapter 3 by Captain



Other kids had already left, their parents didn't come back from yesterday, you never knew. 4 weeks of hunger, they were hurting them to the point of blisters, but I had grown used to it. One day, they no longer hurt, but something else did, something much deeper.

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

## Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - click here

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account